

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

For the Telegraph.  
THE TEMPEST.  
Mark iv: 37-40.  
Hoarse blew the wind, and loudly roared  
The yawning billows of the sea,  
And nearer yet, and yet more loud,  
The tempest roared o'er Galilee.  
And where was now that gallant ship,  
Which late so calmly sped from shore,  
And fearless of the watery deep,  
She oft had traversed o'er and o'er?

One moment and she rode the wave,  
That rose with fury mountain high;  
Another, and a billowy grave,  
Portended her awful destiny.  
'Twas then the shriek of wild alarm,  
Amid the elemental strife,  
Midst fitful pauses of the storm,  
Arose in struggling cries for life!

And where was He, that mighty one,  
He who alone could smooth the billow?  
He's sleeping quietly alone,  
Reclined upon his peaceful pillow.

"Carest thou not, Oh Lord," they cry,  
"That we by tempests driven are,  
To perish here—that here must die  
The chosen objects of thy care?"

He wakes—he speaks—and Lo! the storm  
In silence listens—"Peace, be still!"  
And rolling back in quiet calm,  
The raging elements fulfil

The mighty mandate of his voice;  
And calmness reign'd o'er all the sea,  
And bade their timid hearts rejoice,  
In him who thus the winds obey.

"How is it that ye have no faith?"  
Disciple, hast thou never seen,  
That Christ has power to save from death,  
To calm the ruffled soul within?

Ye blessed Saviors, thou hast power  
To soothe the troubled hearts "be still,"  
And wilt thou Lord from this blest hour  
Midst perils guard my soul from ill.

Fitchburg, Sept. 1836. C. B.

## THE DYING FLOWER.

BY FREDERICK RUCKERT.  
"Have hope; why shouldst thou not?—  
Have hope and not in vain,  
Stripped by the rough unfriendly breeze,  
That spring shall come again.  
Thou too, within whose secret bud  
A life hath lurked unseen,  
Shalt wait till spring revive thy blood,  
And renovate thy green."

"Alas! no stately tree am I,  
No oak, no forest king,  
Whose dreams of winter prophesy  
A speedy day of spring:  
A daughter of an humble race,  
A flower of yearly blow,  
Of what I was remains no trace,  
Beneath my tomb of snow."

"And if thou wert the fairest reed,  
The weakest herb that grows,  
Thou need'st not fear, God saves a seed  
To every thing that blows.  
Through the winter's stormy strife,  
A thousand times bestrew  
The sod with thee, thou canst thy life  
A thousand times renew."

"Yes, thousands after me will blow  
As fair—more fair than I,  
No end can earth's green virtue know  
But each green thing must die.  
Though they shall share in mine, no share  
In their life waits for me,  
Myself have changed—the things that were,  
Are not, no more may be."

"And when the sun shall shine on them,  
That shines on me so bright,  
What boots their colored diadem,  
To me deep sunk in night?  
That sun, whose cold and frosty smile  
Mocks at my honors brief,  
Seems he not beckoning the while  
A future summer's chief?"

"Alas! why did my leaves incline  
Unto thy faithless ray?  
For while mine eye looked into thine,  
Thou blindest my life away.  
Thou shalt not triumph o'er my death,  
My parting leaves I close  
Upon myself—receive my breath  
Not thou that caused my woes."

"Yet dost thou melt my pride away,  
Change into tears my stone?  
Receive my feeble life of a day,  
Thou endless one alone!  
Yes! thou hast made my pride to pass,  
Mine eye has seen a way,  
All that I am, all that I was,  
I owe it to thy ray."

"Each zephyr of each balmy morn  
That made me breathe perfume,  
Each sportive moth on bright wing borne  
That danced around my bloom,  
Each shining dew that brighter shone  
My magic joys to see,  
These pure joys I owe alone,  
Eternal One, to thee."

"As with my stars thou didst begin  
The never-fading blue,  
So didst thou deck thy green of earth  
With bright flowers ever new.  
One breath I have not drawn in vain  
For thee—be it no sigh!  
One look I have for earth's fair plain,  
One for the welkin high."

"Thou world's warm-glowing heart, bespent  
My life's last pulse on thee!  
Receive me, heaven's bright azure tent,  
My green tent breaks with me.  
Hail to the Spring, in glory bright!  
Morn with thy thousand dyes!  
Without regret I sink in night,  
Through without hope to rise."

Blackwood's Magazine.

"The author of this beautiful poem—which  
need fear no comparison with the choicest pieces  
of Goethe or Wordsworth—is no less distinguished  
among the living lyricists than among the Oriental  
scholars of Germany. We translate from a  
volume of poems—Gedichte von Frederick Ruckert—published at Erlangen, in 1834.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF G. F. DAVIS.

By Mrs. Sigourney.  
Pastor! thou from us art taken,  
In the glory of thy years,  
As the Oak, by tempests shaken,  
Falls, ere time its verdure ceases.  
Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us  
Of the Lamb who died to save,  
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us  
To the deep, baptismal wave.

Pale and cold we see thee lying,  
In God's temple once so dear,  
And the mourner's bitter sighing  
Falls unanswered on thine ear.  
All thy love, and zeal to lead us  
Where immortal fountains shine,  
And on living bread to feed us,  
In our sorrowing hearts we shrine.  
May the conquering faith that cheer'd thee  
When thy foot on Jordan prest,  
Guide our spirits while we leave thee  
In the tomb that Jesus blest.

PHILOLOGY, &c.—Some three or four  
weeks ago there was an article in the  
Boston Courier, which we read with a  
good deal of interest, and would have copied  
but that it was very long, and we had  
a number of communications and other  
"deferred articles," all waiting very im-  
patiently for insertion. It was in the  
form of a petition and solemn remon-  
strance, the petitioners being some forty or  
fifty words in the English language; and  
their remonstrance was against certain in-  
dignities to which they are daily subjected  
by those who make use of the said lan-  
guage, either in orthography, pronunciation,  
or application. They made out  
quite a strong case of oppression and  
hardship; and we should have been glad  
to afford them whatever aid might be in  
our power, in their endeavor to gain red-  
ress.

The truth is that our language is sadly  
corrupted in general use; and the news-  
papers do the most of the mischief. Ev-  
ery body reads them, in this country espe-  
cially, and many read nothing else. Of  
course they become, to a certain extent,  
authorities and models; and we are con-  
strained to say that, taken altogether they  
are pernicious bad ones. The King's  
English is worse treated by them than  
even the King's dignity—which every  
republican newspaper of course thinks it  
brave and becoming to hold in utter con-  
tempt. There is a small army of words  
that have strong grounds of complaint,  
and perhaps we can employ our time and  
types, for a brief space, in giving voice  
to their remonstrances, with as much prof-  
it to our readers, and glory to ourselves,  
as would be derived from a political dis-  
quisition, which nobody would read, or a  
homily upon immorality, which every  
body might read, but nobody would take  
himself as a call to amendment.

One of the most ill-used words in the  
King's English aforesaid, is the relative  
which. Lindley Murray took no small  
pains to secure for it certain prerogatives,  
to which it is strictly entitled, but like the  
prerogatives of the crown, in England  
and France, they have been sorely in-  
vaded. The principal and most honorable  
of these, is the privilege of being employ-  
ed, exclusively, in the service of mankind  
and leaving the plebeian which and that for  
the inferior classes of the creation. No-  
thing can be more explicit than the good  
Quaker's rule touching this matter, "which  
is applied to persons—*which* to animals"  
(meaning beasts, birds, fishes, insects, &c.)  
"and inanimate things." It is as plain as  
the president's letter to governor Cannon,  
yet *which* is daily employed to designate  
dogs and horses, and monkeys, and oh!  
*horrible dicta!* even the filthy detestable  
hog! "The horse *which* had become a  
labeled!" "The bear *which* by this time  
had recovered from his fright!" "The  
bristly monster *which* was now tired of wal-  
lowing in the gutter!" &c. &c. &c. Such  
are the perversions of rectitude—the  
violations of propriety—the offences  
against *which* and Lindley Murray, with  
which the papers abound. And *which* on  
the other hand is brought forward as an  
involuntary usurper, and compelled to in-  
vade the territory rightfully belonging to  
its relative but superior. We read of  
"soldiers *which* were advancing!"—"ma-  
rines *which* were employed!"—"prisoners  
*which* were taken!" &c. Now it is very  
true that soldiers, marines and prisoners  
are all animals, and that good old Lin-  
dley's rule appears to admit of the applica-  
tion of *which* to human animals, as well  
as to quadrupeds and other irrational be-  
ings; but, as we have said before, the old  
gentleman meant to exclude all manner of  
human beings, when he directed the ap-  
plication of *which* to the animals as afore-  
said.

*Which*, by the way, is an exceedingly  
ill used word in another particular, to wit,  
it being tied by the neck to an *and*, where  
the two have no earthly business togeth-  
er. We constantly meet with such phrases  
as this—"He was now presented with an  
excellent opportunity for the display of  
his talents, *and which* he took good  
care not to lose." The *and which* just as  
well be in the bottom of the Red Sea, as  
tacked to the *which* in this sentence; but  
better indeed, for there it would do no mis-  
chief, and offend nobody's perceptions of  
right and wrong. "The army was now  
weakened by desertion, *and which* was  
suffering also from want of provisions." Kick  
out the *which* in this sentence, and you  
make decent English of it; but as it is  
you would find it hard work to con-  
struct one more awkward, inelegant, in-  
correct, and altogether atrocious. Yet we  
read paragraphs every day, into which  
Master *Which* is lugged by the head and  
shoulders, with no more reason—or  
rhyme either. The general rule is that  
*which* must have *and* before it only when  
there is another *which* or *that* in the sen-  
tence, relating to the same antecedent.—  
"The house which he had bought, and  
which he was now to pay for," is a law-  
ful mode of expression.

Another word that has infamous treat-  
ment to complain of, is *farther*; the com-  
parative degree of the adjective *far*.—  
Why the *a* in the positive should be chan-  
ged to *a* in the comparative—or why, if  
people must write *farther* they do not also  
write *far*, is more than we can imagine,  
yet the Commercial Advertiser is almost  
the only paper in the United States, in  
which this corruption is not of daily occur-

rence. *Further* is a distinct word—a  
verb; and has no more to do with dis-  
tance than the pope has with Oseolas the  
hero and king of the Seminoles.

The bold and impudent intrusion of  
that hissing little vagabond *s*, at times and  
into places with which it has no business,  
is another sore evil. The fault of the  
English language is the great number of  
words in speaking which the hiss is pro-  
duced; and because this is its fault, we  
must needs add to the number. All the  
words ending in *ward* are thus corrupted;  
*upward*, *downward*, *homeward*, *afterward*  
are spoiled into *upwards*, *downwards*,  
*homewards*, *afterwards*; and although  
we have been setting a good example in  
this matter, for a long time past, we don't  
see that it has wrought any great quan-  
tum of reformation. How would it sound  
if a militia captain were to roar out "for-  
wards march?" And yet that same milita-  
ry captain, though he bids his men "for-  
ward march," like an honest respecter of  
philological proprieties, will talk about  
looking *upwards*, or walking *backwards*.  
But this is enough for the present.—*New  
York Spectator.*

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

HAPPY DEATH OF A CHILD.—Ex-  
tract from the journal of Rev. E. Frey,  
one of the missionaries of the Ohio Baptist  
Convention.

"Monday, Aug. 10th, I attended the  
funeral of brother North's little child,  
aged seven years. A few hours before  
her death, she said to her father, 'Father  
can you do any thing more for me?'—  
Her father replied, 'no, my child, I can-  
not.' The child said, 'I thought you  
could not; I am willing to die; I want to  
be with Jesus;'—then reached her hand  
to her father and said, 'Farewell, father,  
I am going to be with Jesus!' She then  
called her mother and brothers and sisters  
to the bed and bid them all farewell, ex-  
horting them all to seek Jesus, that they  
might all meet in the heaven of rest.—  
She then called her little school mates to  
the bed, and said, 'I can go with you to  
school no more—I am going to die, and  
be with the Lord forever: will you pre-  
pare to meet me there?'—and then bade  
them all farewell. A few hours after,  
she said to her mother, 'Mother do you  
want me?' The mother said, 'I do.'—  
The child said, 'Jesus wants me and I  
must go to him.' She then laid her hand  
on her breast, and said, 'I am going,' and  
that instant her ransomed spirit took its  
flight to the realms of everlasting day.—  
The next week I attended the funeral of  
her brother, in the fourth year of his age.  
We have reason to think they are both  
praising God in the realms of glory.'—  
*Cross and Journal.*

## AGRICULTURAL.

The following is a good article on an im-  
portant subject. It is time for New-Eng-  
landers to stop sending off their money for  
bread stuffs, when flour costs from \$8, to  
\$10, a barrel, and the coarse grains in pro-  
portion. New-England soil is capable of  
producing bread for twice its present popu-  
lation. Grain raising is quite too much ne-  
glected for the best interests of the popu-  
lation at large.

From the Silk Grower and Agriculturist.

BLACK SEA SPRING WHEAT.  
FRIEND COOKE:—At the close of the  
ingathering of our hay and English Grain  
crops, I with pleasure, seize a few mo-  
ments to pen a few reflections on the value  
and culture of wheat in the New-Eng-  
land States. The reason for choosing the  
wheat crop as my theme, are, first,  
that by a careful attention to its culture,  
much of our money might be kept within  
our borders, which now goes to the South  
and West for the purchase of flour; secondly,  
that if we take 10 or 15 seasons in  
succession, we shall find a balance in profit  
to be placed to the credit of the wheat  
crops over all other grain.

In giving some proof of the above facts,  
I will state, that some 12 or 15 years since,  
I obtained of the Hon. P. C. Brooks two  
bushels of a spring wheat bearing the  
name "Gillman." The product from this  
was about 25 bushels, for which I received  
the Massachusetts Agricultural Society's  
premium for "the greatest quantity of  
spring wheat from one acre." This  
kind of wheat did well, generally, during  
the 8 or 10 years I sowed it; the kernel  
was large, weighing 60 lbs. to the bushel;  
the straw, however, was not of sufficient  
strength for rich lands,—cripping down  
with the first thunder-gust, and of course  
would not fill, or kernel well afterwards.  
From the Gillman wheat, the largest crop  
obtained by me from one acre, was 38 1-4  
bushels, I believe, (for I speak only from  
recollection.)

Several years since, I was fortunate in  
receiving, (by the kindness of my brother,  
Capt. Stephen Williams,) some superior  
seed wheat, from Smyrna, grown on the  
abundant borders of the Black Sea. After  
the first year, this kind of wheat has  
been unparalleled in its value, so far as I  
have been made acquainted. Three  
years ago I harvested 112 bushels, grown  
on a little over three acres, one of which  
produced over 50 bushels for which I re-  
ceived the Society's gratuity (there not be-  
ing a premium for Spring Wheat that  
year,) of \$20. On another field, of  
about one acre, I obtained about 25 bush-  
els by the following mode of culture.  
Early in the fall, after the field was well  
covered with a second growth of clover  
and other grasses, the sward—by the  
agency of a man, (ploughman and driver),  
one yoke of oxen, and Howard's No. 2  
Plough, was turned over, so as to resem-  
ble the clapping of a house. In the  
spring following, so soon as the ground  
was sufficiently dry, a light ploughing  
was given across the furrows, so as not to  
disturb the furrowslice,—the field then

sowed and harrowed. It will be seen  
that the expense attending this mode of  
culture was trifling, compared with the in-  
come; The land likewise being left in  
excellent order for a following crop of In-  
dian Corn, or Potatoes, by ploughing in  
the spring through the first furrowslice or  
rotted sward. I deem it not out of place  
here to observe that this field, six years  
previous had been stocked down to grass  
with a previous dressing of 18 cords of  
manure to the acre. The grass crops  
had probably averaged 2 tons to the acre,  
of the best hay, (of clover, herds grass,  
and red top.) I mention this to show that  
the farmers of this country are too apt to  
till more land than they can manure profit-  
ably.

The Smyrna or Black Sea Wheat ap-  
pears to possess properties superior to all  
other kinds which have come within my  
observation; these qualities are strength  
of straw, thereby bearing better the pel-  
tings of our New England storms: the  
kernel large and plump, with large yield on  
rich land, weighing 62 lbs. per bushel,—and  
more in bushels on poor land, than spring  
rye.

Last season my crop of wheat was about  
80 bushels; about one half was disposed of  
for sowing, at \$2.50 per bushel. 35 of these  
bushels were grown on less than an acre, which  
also received a gratuity of \$20, (by the de-  
cision of the Committee on Crops for the  
Mass. Agr. Soc.) What the product will  
be from the sowings of this year, I am un-  
able to state,—not any of it having been  
threshed. I will state that my own field (be-  
ing in very rich tilth) is not so well ker-  
nelled as last year. The reason for this  
may be found in its too rapid growth for  
about 12 successive days, previous to the  
formation of the berry or kernel, followed by  
successive and deluging showers; which  
has often beat the crop nearly down. On  
harvesting the wheat, the kernel is more  
plump than was expected during the 4 weeks  
previous to the cutting; the crop will not  
much exceed 30 bushels to the acre; with  
such a season as last, it would probably have  
been over 50.

In giving the above facts, Mr Editor, my  
aim has been, to establish in the minds of  
the agricultural community in this section  
of our country, what is so strongly im-  
pressed on my own viz. that in most of the New-  
England States, the husbandman can take  
a greater profit from his acres, in a wheat  
crop, than in a like number of acres in any  
other grain. There will doubtless be sol-  
itary exceptions, especially where the sower  
casts his seed upon the ground with much  
faith and little works, as it will be recol-  
lected, that wheat demands a fine tilth, with  
a previous cultivation of the authority of  
certain interlopers, commonly called weeds.

My method in preparing seed wheat for  
sowing, is to mix a sufficiency of thick white  
wash, made from good lime, to coat over  
every kernel, say one quart to a bushel of  
seed; lie, from wood ashes, will answer as  
well, except the sowing cannot be performed  
so evenly. I have never been troubled  
with the smut on a crop thus prepared.

If the farmer can procure 20 bushels of  
good wood ashes for every acre of wheat, to  
pe sown on the wheat plants when 2 inches  
out of ground, he will be amply remunerat-  
ed.

Thirty or forty bushels of the Smyrna, or  
Black Sea seed Wheat, (perfectly clean,  
may be had at \$2.50, at the granary of,  
Yours, respectfully,  
PAYSON WILLIAMS.

Fitchburg, Aug. 24, 1835.

"Having cultivated wheat for the last 16 years  
as my principal grain crop—my confidence will  
not be considered too sanguine, when I state, that  
during that period I have had the honor, good for-  
tune, or whatever term it may pass by, but,  
most assuredly, the profit of receiving as many  
as six of the premiums and gratuities bestowed by  
the Massachusetts Agricultural Society; with an  
additional profit of \$70 from the acre, in two of  
the above years, in the sale of grain for sowing  
and other purposes. Others can do even more  
than this, if they will but 'try'."

## BEET SUGAR.

Though most farmers are slow to be-  
lieve they can make as much sugar, and  
of as good a quality, from an acre of land  
in New England in beet as a planter can  
from an acre in the West Indies in cane;  
yet such is the fact, as established by the  
most accurate experiments. In our last  
number we made copious extracts from the  
correspondence of Mr Pedder, the  
agent of the Sugar Beet Society of Phil-  
adelphia, showing its practicability in this  
country, and urging its introduction, as a  
great national object. We have since  
seen several specimens of sugar, manu-  
factured by him and sent home for exhibi-  
tion, which will not suffer in compari-  
son with the best West India or New Or-  
leans sugar in market.

From the letters of Mr Pedder it may  
be inferred, that the process of extracting  
the sugar from the root is an expensive  
operation, requiring the aid of complex  
and costly machinery, and an investment  
of capital beyond the means of ordinary  
farmers,—but such is neither the fact nor  
the idea he means to communicate. It is  
true, in the large sugar establishments in  
France, expensive machinery and fixtures  
are employed, which doubtless facilitate  
their operations, and yield a liberal re-  
turn for the money invested in their con-  
struction; but they are not indispensable to  
the successful pursuit of the business, or  
even adapted to the circumstances and  
wants of a farmer who merely manufac-  
tures his own sugar. Farm establish-  
ments are already in profitable operation  
in France, and the Royal and Central So-  
ciety of Agriculture have offered pre-  
miums for models of the most simple and  
cheap machinery for the use of small far-  
mers. A silver medal has already been  
awarded by the committee to M. Jean  
Joseph Lecerf of Valenciennes, of the de-  
partment of the North. This gentleman  
is the farmer referred to by Mr Pedder,  
as "a curious man residing on one of the  
back streets, who had made sugar with  
machinery of his own invention, and al-  
most by the labor of his own hands."

The committee in awarding the premi-  
um to M. Lecerf, thus speaks of him and  
his factory:  
"A farmer on a small scale, (Jean  
Joseph Lecerf) of Onnring, Arrondisse-

ment of Valenciennes, department of the  
North, has anticipated this appeal. In  
the building of his farm he has established  
his factory, which is composed of but two  
departments; one of them seventeen feet  
square, and the other of seven feet square,  
(English). His machinery for fabricating  
is placed in the first apartment, and con-  
sists—1st, of a rasp turned with a crank  
by hand—2d, of a hand press, (both of  
wood)—3d, three small iron kettles, each  
one sufficient to contain twenty-five to  
thirty gallons, (English)—4th three filter-  
ers of the same capacity of the kettles.

"In the other apartment are two ket-  
tles of copper, of about the capacity of  
twenty gallons each, (English)—one used  
for evaporation, the other for crystallizing.  
In the same small apartment are ranged  
molds for the reception of sugar. The  
price of all these fixtures or apparatus is  
not above one hundred and seventy-five  
dollars.

"The manufacture of brown sugar at  
this establishment is fifty killogrammes,  
or one hundred and ten pounds (English)  
of brown sugar per day.

"M. Lecerf, who possessed only the  
little property where his works are lo-  
cated, devotes himself to it with the aid of his  
family alone; and far from desiring to  
make a mystery of his instruments, and  
the process, he is eager to communicate  
them to his countrymen. The sugar  
which comes from this factory has been,  
by one of the most celebrated refiners, M.  
Leband, acknowledged to be of a perfect  
quality."

From the foregoing it will be seen that  
every farmer may, with trifling expense,  
furnish himself with the necessary ma-  
chinery for manufacturing his own sugar.  
But though it may be practicable, yet, at  
present, it may not be desirable for every  
farmer to attempt it. There is some lit-  
tle expense attending the construction of  
sugar works, even on a small scale, which  
every farmer may not wish to incur, and  
there is also a great degree of skill which  
they may not be disposed to acquire until  
they have more confidence in the success  
and profit of a new project. The best  
method, therefore, to introduce this new  
branch of business, is for individuals or  
companies to erect sugar works in towns  
and villages, at convenient distances from  
each other, and purchase from the farm-  
ers their crop of beets as they are gather-  
ed in the field. Most farmers will cul-  
tivate the root, if they are assured of a mar-  
ket, when but few will attempt it, if they  
are compelled to extract the sugar them-  
selves.

A portion of most farms is adapted to  
the cultivation of the sugar beet, though  
soils of the greatest depth is more pecu-  
liarly so. Sandy soils formed by allu-  
vions and deposits of rivers are considered  
the most favorable, and we know of no  
lands in the eastern and middle states bet-  
ter adapted to the culture of roots of all  
kinds than the alluvial meadows in the  
valley of the Connecticut. Many of the  
varieties of the beet have been cultivated  
in great perfection, particularly in the  
town of Wethersfield, where the only dif-  
ficulty experienced has been their growing  
to large for culinary purposes.

With respect to the profit that may be  
made from an acre of good land devoted  
to the culture of the sugar beet, it may be  
stated without incurring the charge of ex-  
aggeration, or the hazard of contradiction,  
that it will not fall short of \$150. But  
we are not disposed to let our readers rest  
their faith on our mere assertion; but  
prefer giving them the data on which our  
opinion is based. These we have from  
an intelligent and scientific gentleman,  
who has given the subject a thorough in-  
vestigation, and who has also some prac-  
tical knowledge in relation to it. He as-  
sumes as the basis of his statement the fact,  
that 1000 bushels can be raised on an acre,  
and in this he is corroborated by gentle-  
men who have cultivated the root. Six-  
teen hundred bushels have been raised on  
an acre; but it was an extraordinary crop.  
He next assumes that a bushel will weigh  
60 lbs. and in this estimate he cannot be  
materially mistaken. Numerous experi-  
ments have proved that the root yields 7  
per cent. of sugar, 3 per cent. of molasses;  
and 25 per cent. of cake. Calling the sug-  
ar worth 7 cts. a pound, the molasses 3  
cts. which is considerably below the mar-  
ket price, and the cake as much by the  
pound as the beet, which is the fact, the  
account of the product of an acre, 60,000  
lbs. will stand thus:

4200 lbs. Sugar, at 7 cts.	\$294.00
1800 lbs. Molasses, at 3 cts	54.00
15000 lbs. Cake, at 4 mills,	60.00
	\$408.00
Expense of cultivating the root and extracting the sugar,	108.00
Net profit,	\$300.00

In ascertaining the nett profit in the  
foregoing statement, it will be seen we  
have deducted \$108 for the expense of cul-  
tivating the root and extracting the sugar.  
This is a very liberal allowance, and prob-  
ably something like double the amount of  
the actual cost. Of the expense of cul-  
tivating the root, every farmer can make  
accurate calculations for himself, and with  
regard to the cost of manufacturing the sug-  
ar, it will depend materially upon the  
cost of fuel consumed in the process of  
evaporation; and machinery and fixtures  
employed. In sections of the country  
where fuel is scarce, and consequently is  
high, it cannot exceed the deduction we  
have made, and in places where it is pro-  
cured at cheap rates, it will fall much be-  
low our estimate.

We have other statements of profit,  
which together with the process of man-  
ufacturing, we intend to give hereafter,  
and in the mean time would ask our farm-  
ers to throw away one half of the nett profit  
in our statement, which will bring them  
to our starting point, \$150, and then look

about and see if they can devote a portion  
of their land to a more profitable crop—  
always excepting the culture of silk.

Silk Culturist.

The tolls collected on the New-York  
canals from the 15th to the 31st of August  
amount to the sum of \$121,195 70. The  
total receipts for tolls in the month of Au-  
gust amount to \$213,046 82, being about  
\$52,000 more than the receipts for the  
same month in 1835. The whole sum re-  
ceived for tolls from the opening of na-  
vigation to the present time is \$923,304 70.  
—N. Y. Obs.

The following States have prohibited  
their banks from issuing any notes under  
five dollars: New-York, Pennsylvania, Vir-  
ginia, Georgia, Louisiana, Indiana, Ala-  
bama, New-Jersey, Maryland, North-Car-  
olina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Maine.  
Burl. Sent.

## FOR SALE.

## A Tavern Stand and Store.

THE subscriber offers for sale, on  
the most reasonable terms, the above  
named property, well known as most eli-  
gibly situated in the flourishing village of  
Brandon. He will also sell his

## LINE OF STAGES

between Brandon and Rutland. The  
time of payment can probably be made to  
convene the purchaser. It need not be  
said that this is a rare opportunity for an  
enterprising young man.

M. W. BIRCHARD.

Brandon, Sept. 20, 1836. 521f

## SHEEP'S PELTS.

CASH and the highest price will be  
paid for PELTS, by  
E. R. MASON, & Co.  
Leicester, April, 1836.

## Cabinet Furniture.

THE subscribers keep constantly on  
hand, for sale,  
MAHOGANY VENEERS, LOOK-  
ING GLASSES, PLATES,  
and other articles in their line, cheaper  
than can be had elsewhere in the State.—  
They continue to carry on the CABI-  
NET BUSINESS, at their old stand.

A. B.—AN APPRENTICE wanted  
at the above business, immediately.

C. & A. L. KNOWLTON.

Brandon, Sept. 20, 1836. 521f

## WOOL-CARDING NOTICE.

IN consequence of the failure, on the  
part of Mr Ordway, to perform his  
part of the contract relating to the part-  
nership of H. L. Ordway & Co. we here-  
by declare said firm to be dissolved, and  
all payments must hereafter be made to  
us, as we have the books for collection.

We give further notice that Heman  
Henry is no longer an Agent for the firm  
of Nathan Carr & Co., and that payments  
hereafter for work done by that company  
must be paid to us also.

C. W. & J. A. CONANT.

Brandon, Sept. 20, 1836.

JOSIAH PARMETER'S ESTATE.  
SEAT OF VERMONT, } BE re-  
District of Rutland, ss. } membered, that at a stated Pro-  
bated